

CANDY

I.C.O.
12.

QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN AGE GIRL

IN 4 SIDE-SPLITTING STORIES!

52

BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES

DECEMBER No. 19

10¢

JITTERS,
Hep-Cat
Romeo!

Also

WILL BRAGG,
Master of
Bluster!

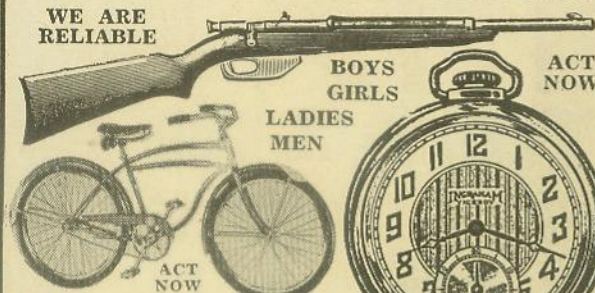




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN - GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

WE ARE
RELIABLE



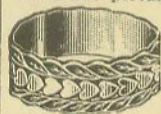
BOYS
GIRLS

ACT
NOW

LADIES
MEN

ACT
NOW

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. We trust you. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. F-108, Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN - GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

Ladies - Girls
Boys - Men

WATCHES

Be First

ACT
NOW

WE TRUST
YOU

Mail Coupon

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 55th year. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. G-108, Tyrone, Pa.



Boys
Girls
Ladies
Men

55th
Year

GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

55th YEAR.



Act Now

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Basket Balls and Baskets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Be first. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. H-108, Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH



Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men! Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We are reliable. 55th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. J-108, Tyrone, Pa.

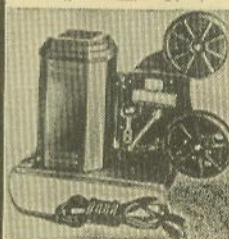
GIVEN PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT
NOW

OUR
55th
YEAR

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN

BE
FIRST



Excel Movie Projectors with roll of film, Flashlights, Telescopes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Our 55th year. Be first. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. K-108, Tyrone, Pa.



PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies - Men

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Ukuleles, Complete School Boxes,

Radios (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Our 55th year. Write or mail coupon today.



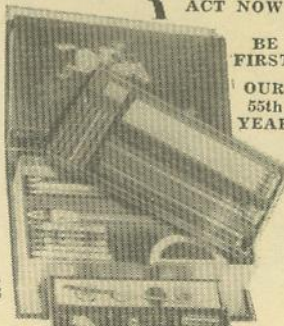
We are reliable.
WILSON
CHEM. CO.,
Dept. L-108
TYRONE,
PA.



WE TRUST YOU
MAIL COUPON TODAY

ACT NOW

BE
FIRST
OUR
55th
YEAR



Mail Coupon NOW

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. CF-108, Tyrone, Pa. Gentlemen:—Please send me 13 art pictures with 13 boxes White Cloverine Brand Salve to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Date.....

Name

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone.....

No..... State.....

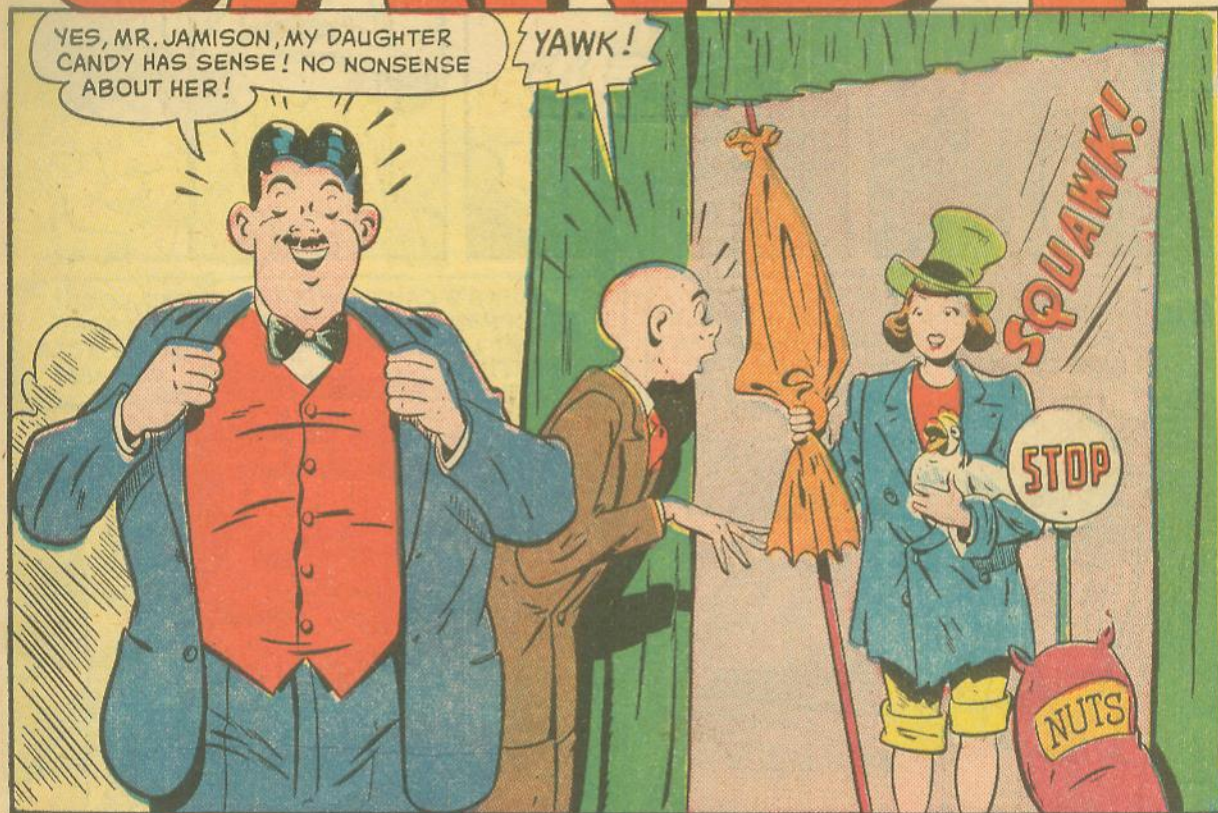
Print LAST Name Here

Paste on a card or mail in an envelope today

Our 55th Year

CANDY

CANDY



CANDY

JAMISON'S INTERESTED IN YOUNG PEOPLE, SO BE SURE CANDY'S THERE!

SHE JUST WENT WITH TED TO A BROADCAST, TIM! BUT SHE'LL BE HOME FOR DINNER!



ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, MR. JAMISON, IF WE GO TO MY HOUSE TO DISCUSS OUR BUSINESS! YOU CAN MEET MY FAMILY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!

OF COURSE, O'CONNOR! NICE OF YOU!



I HAVE A FINE FAMILY! AGNES IS A WONDERFUL WIFE! AND MY DAUGHTER CANDY IS - HARRUMPHS - MY PRIDE AND JOY!

NATURALLY! AS I TOLD YOU, I HAVE A GREAT INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE!



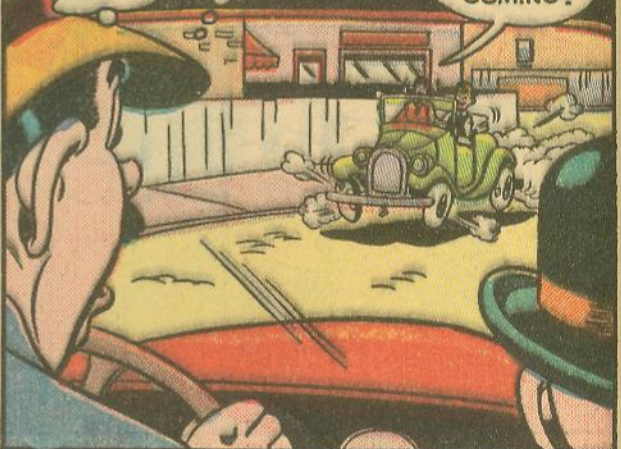
LIKE EVERY GENERATION, MODERN YOUTH HAS ITS PROBLEMS! YOUNG FOLKS HAVE CHANGED AND...

MAYBE SO, BUT CANDY'S AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL! NONE OF THIS NONSENSE FOR HER!



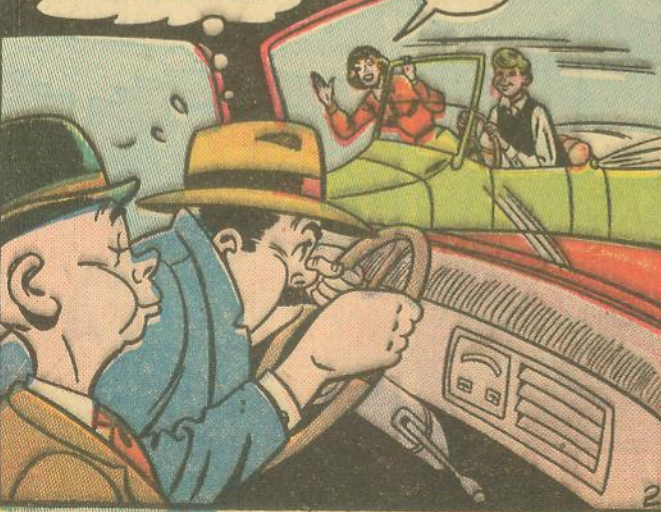
AWK! THERE'S CANDY, WITH TED IN HIS HOPPED-UP JUNK-HEAP! I MUSTN'T LET JAMISON SEE THAT!

TED, LOOK! ISN'T THAT DADDY'S CAR COMING?



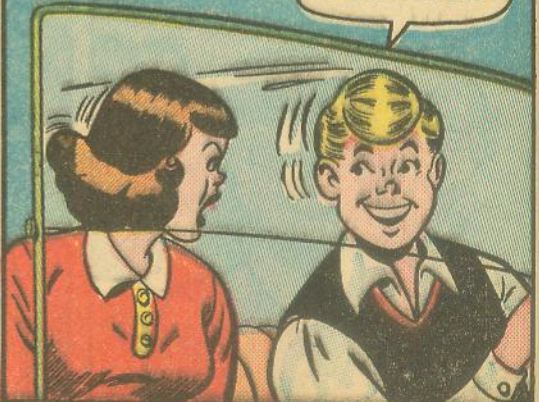
I'LL PRETEND I DON'T SEE THEM!

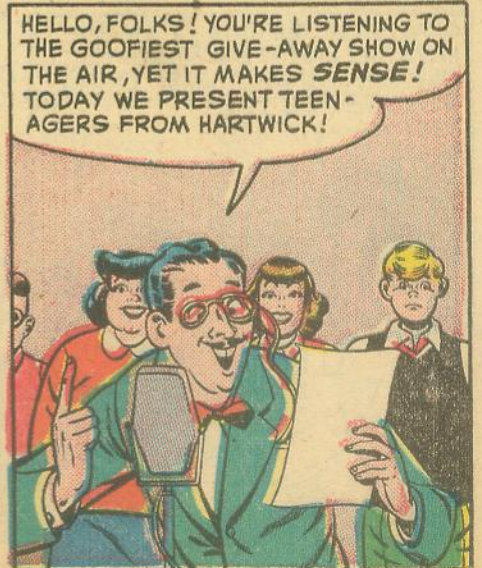
HI!



THAT'S FUNNY! DADDY DIDN'T EVEN WAVE!

MAYBE HE DIDN'T SEE US! I'VE GOT THE JALOPY JUMPING AT TOP SPEED! DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR SENSE AND NONSENSE!





EACH GAL CONTESTANT WILL BE DRESSED IN A NONSENSICAL FOOLISH, COSTUME! HER BOY FRIEND GOES ALONG TO HELP HER MAKE **SENSE!**

IT'S LIKE A TREASURE HUNT! ONLY THE OBJECTS YOU HAVE TO GET START WITH THE LETTERS S-E-N-S-E! FIRST ONE BACK WINS!

ALL YOU GALS GO BACKSTAGE FOR YOUR COSTUMES! I'LL GIVE THE BOYS THE LISTS OF ITEMS THEIR SWEETIES HAVE TO GET TO MAKE **SENSE!**

SEE YOU SOON, TED! AND I'LL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE A GOON!

YOU ALWAYS DO, GOON-GIRL! JOE AND I WILL WIN AT ANY COST! YOU AND TED DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

AT LEAST, CORNELIA, WE'LL DO IT HONESTLY!

HERE THEY ARE, FOLKS! CUTE, HUH?

HA! HA! HA! TERRIFIC!

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

OKAY, GALS, THE GUYS HAVE THE LISTS! GO GET 'EM AND MAY THE BEST **SENSE** WIN!

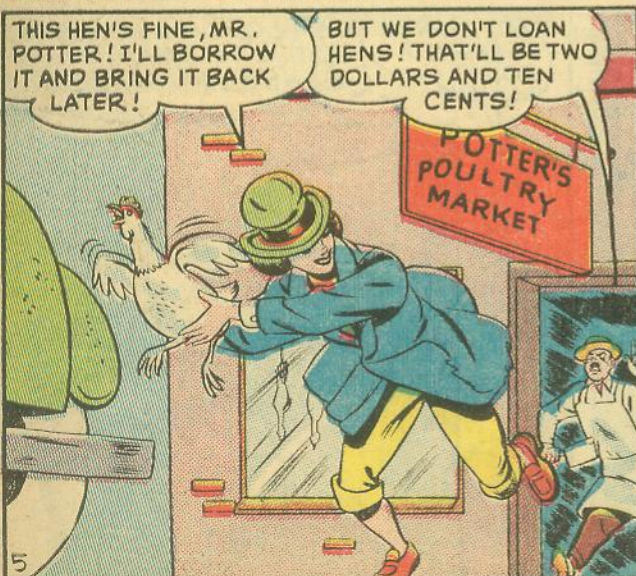
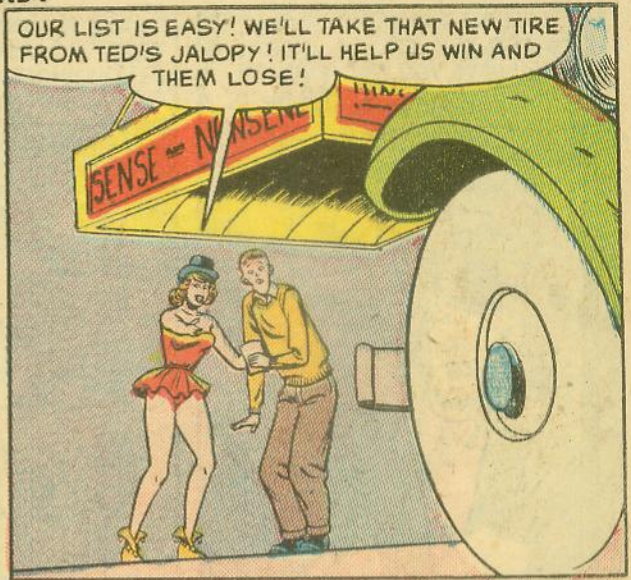
I'M THE BEST! I'LL PROVE IT!

THE KIDS HAVE HALF AN HOUR! MEANWHILE, I'LL DESCRIBE THEIR COSTUMES, TELL WHAT'S ON THEIR LISTS, AND THEN...

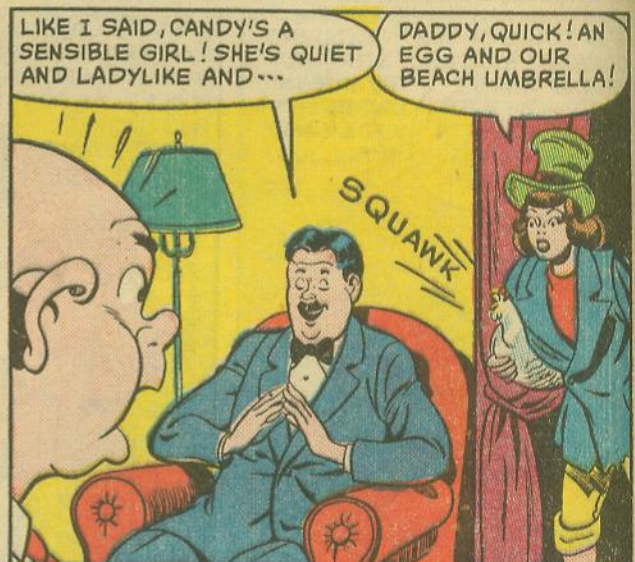
WHAT'S ON OUR LIST, TED? LET ME SEE!

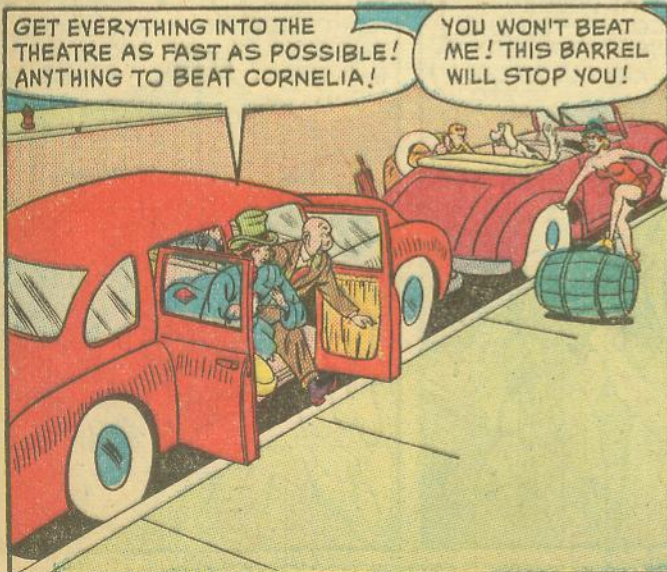
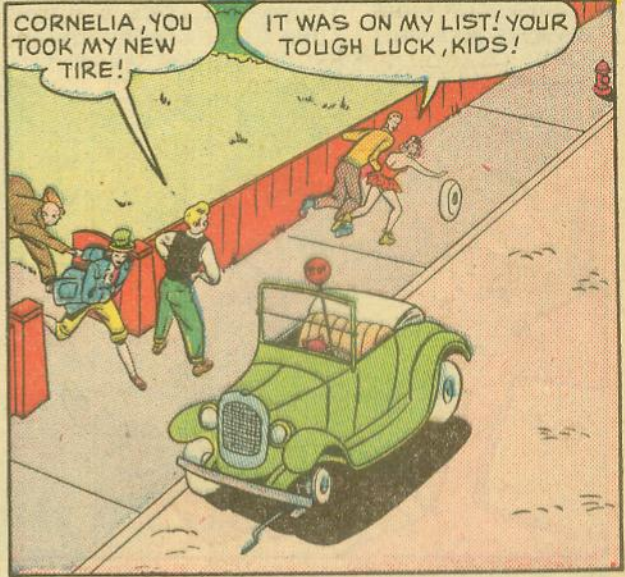
OH, GOLLY! IN A HALF HOUR, HOW'LL WE GET ALL THESE?

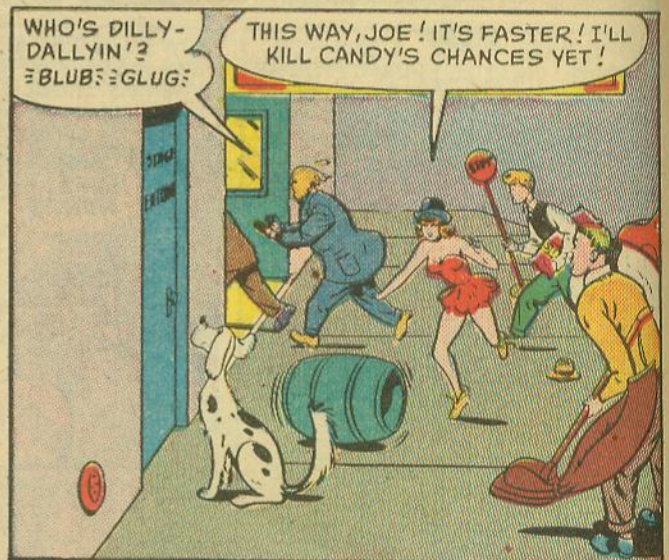
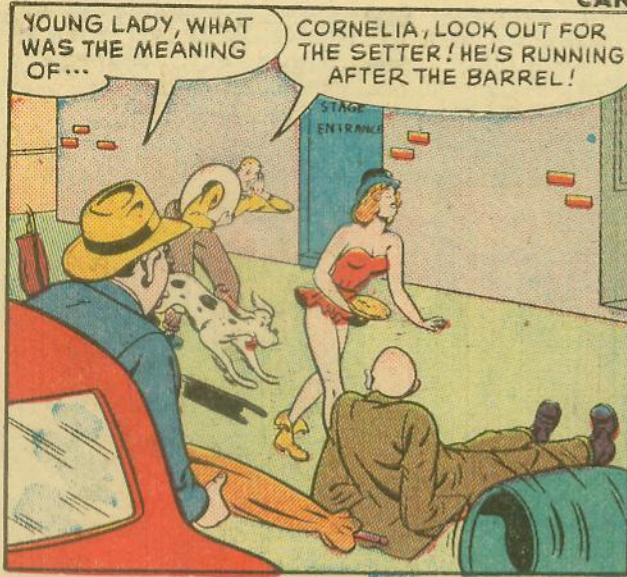
S... STOP SIGN
E... EGG AND HEN
N... NUTS (TWENTY POUNDS)
S... SUN UMBRELLA
E... ELDERLY MAN WITH BALD HEAD



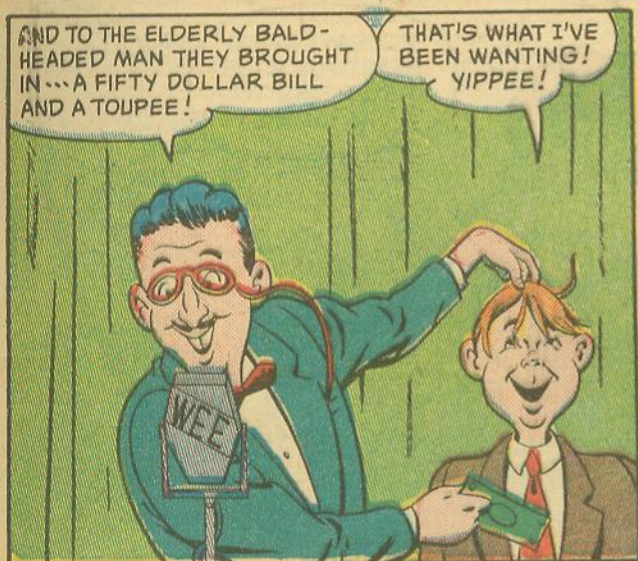
CANDY





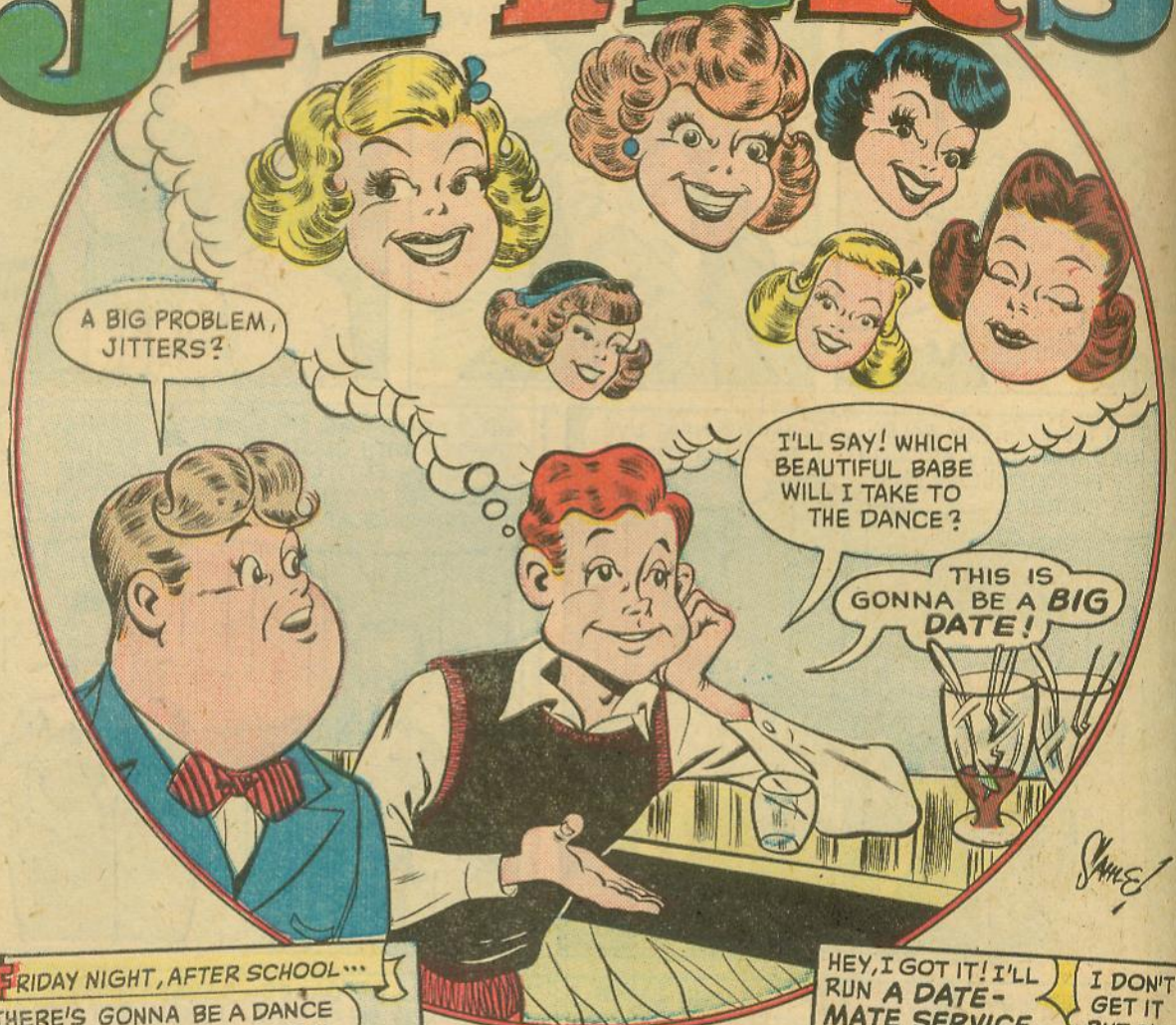


CANDY



CANDY

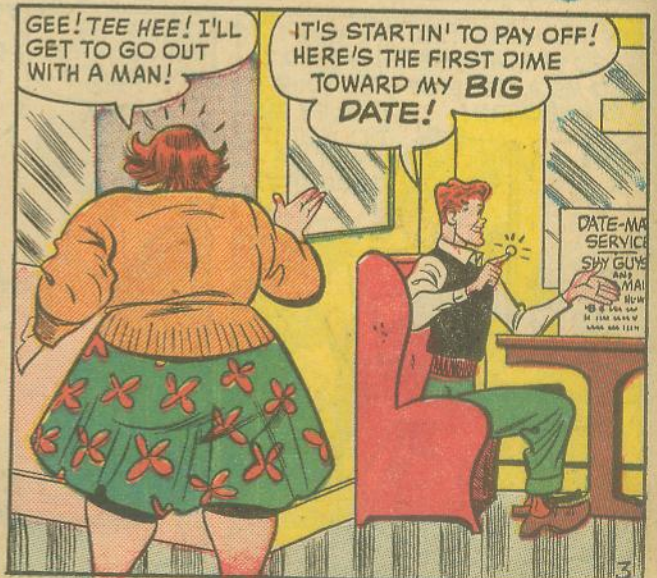
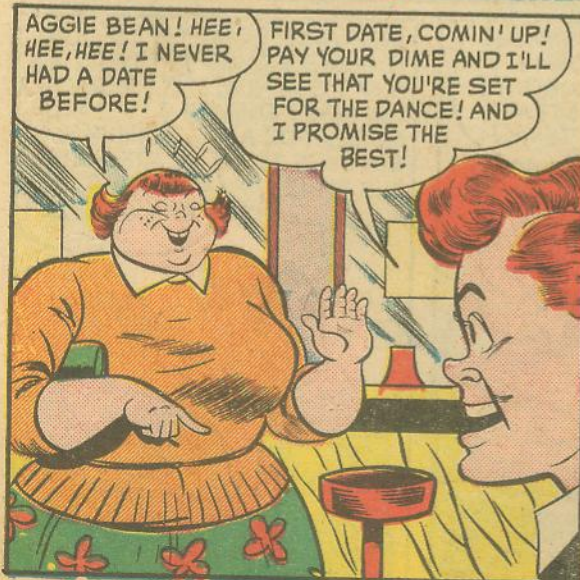
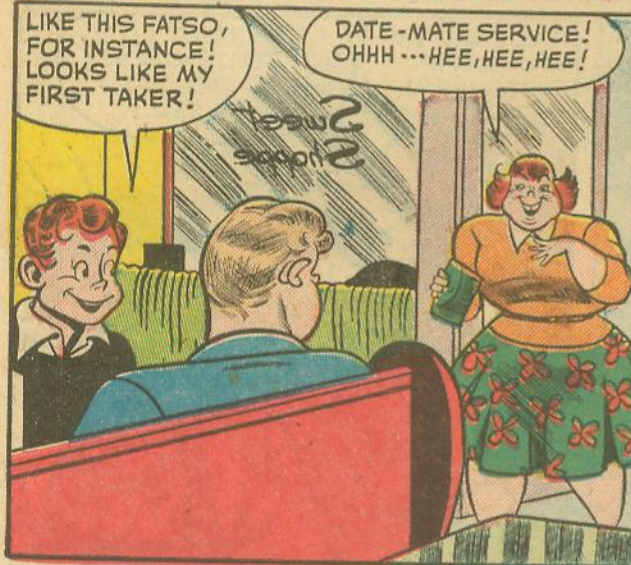
JITTERS



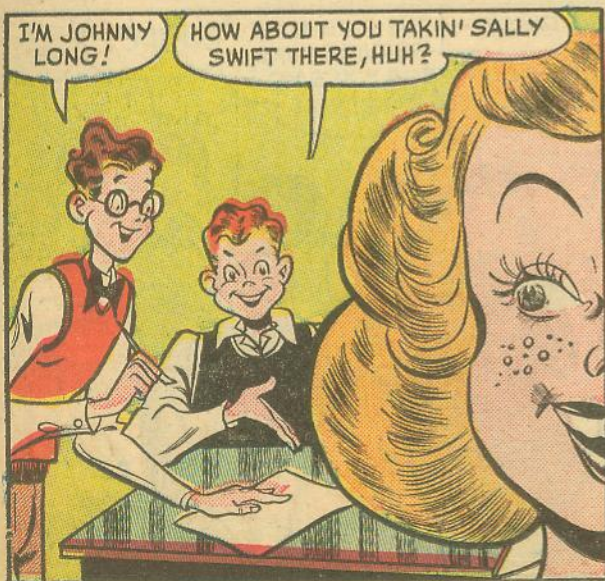
CANDY



CANDY



CANDY



CANDY

SO, ON AND ON! SATURDAY MORNING...

SURE WANT TO
THANK YOU FOR
GETTIN' ME THAT
DATE WITH TILLY
TYLER!

GLAD TO DO IT!
HAVE FUN AT
THE DANCE!

HI, STUPID-
CUPID! LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE...

JITTERS, M'BOY,
I WANT TO
THANK YOU!
BUSINESS HAS
BEEN BETTER
SINCE YOU SET UP THIS
SERVICE THAN EVER
BEFORE!

BIG
SUCCESS,
HUH?

BUT DEF!
REALLY BIG!
I'VE COLLECTED
ENOUGH MOOLA
FOR A BIG DATE,
TOO!

TWENTY-ONE GALS AT A DIME...
TWO BUCKS AND TEN CENTS!
TWENTY GUYS AT TWO BITS...
FIVE BUCKS! TOTAL... SEVEN
BUCKS, TEN
CENTS!

THERE'S
SOMETHIN'
MISSIN'...
ONE DATE!

ONE DATE...FOR ME!
MY BIG DATE! SHALL
I PHONE LINDA OR
BOBO OR LUCY OR...

JITTERS, YOU GUARANTEED
ME A DATE FOR THE DANCE!
TEE HEE! WHO'S MY MAN?
HEE HEE! YOU SAID YOU'D
GET ME THE BEST!

A GUARANTEE'S A
CONTRACT, HUH, BUGS?
AND ALL THE GUYS ARE
DATED UP FOR THE DANCE...
I SAW TO THAT!

YEAH! ALL BUT
ONE! HEH, HEH!
FROM WHAT I
HEAR, THE
GLAMOR GIRLS
ARE DATED,
TOO!

At THE DANCE...

THE DATE-MATE
SERVICE SURE
PAID OFF, EH, JITTERS? YOU SAID
YOU'D HAVE A BIG DATE! YOU
SURE HAVE!

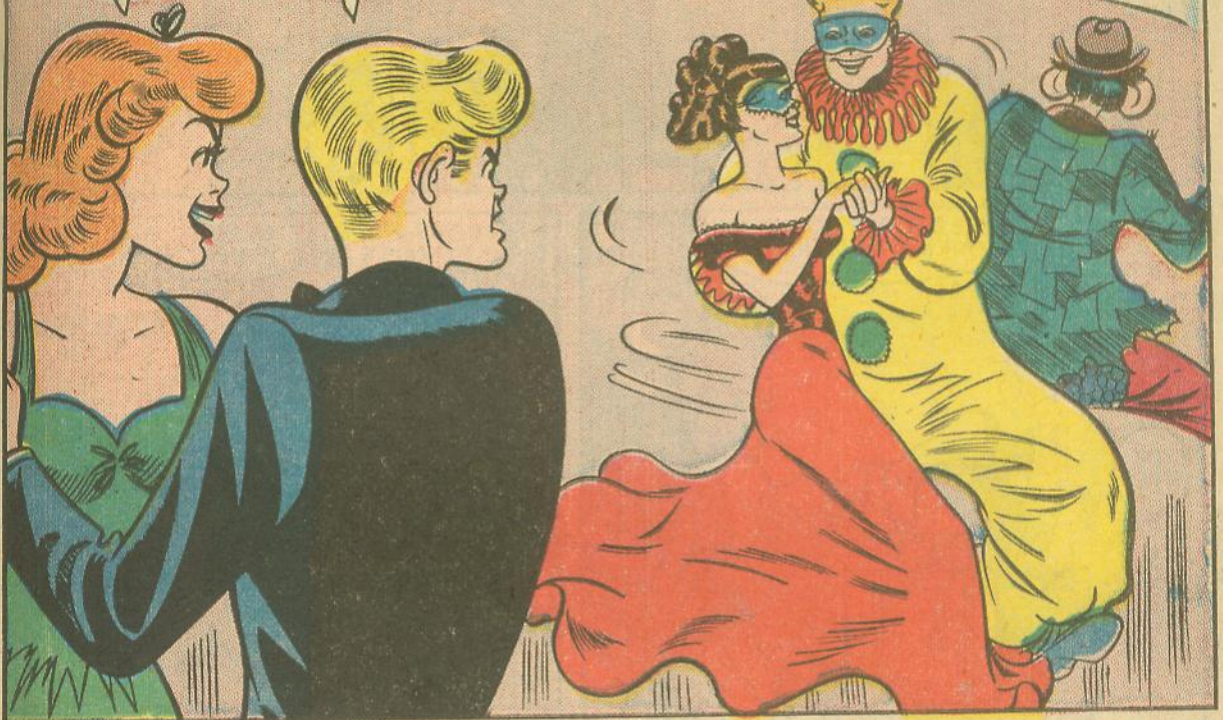
GULP!

TEE,
HEE!

Candy

WHO'S CANDY'S
DREAM-MAN? I
COULD GO FOR
HIM!

SO COULD I,
WITH BOTH FISTS,
THE CLOWN!



TED, ABOUT
THE DANCE,
TONIGHT...

CAN'T TALK NOW!
GOTTA DASH! SEE
YOU LATER!

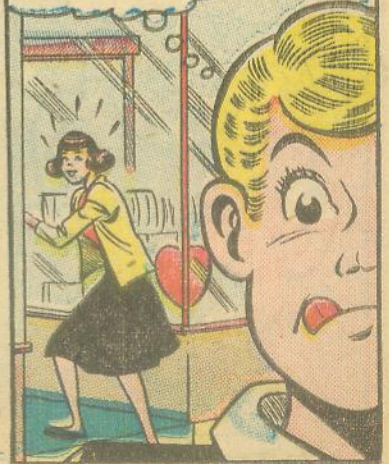


I DON'T GET
IT! HE ACTS
DROOLY!

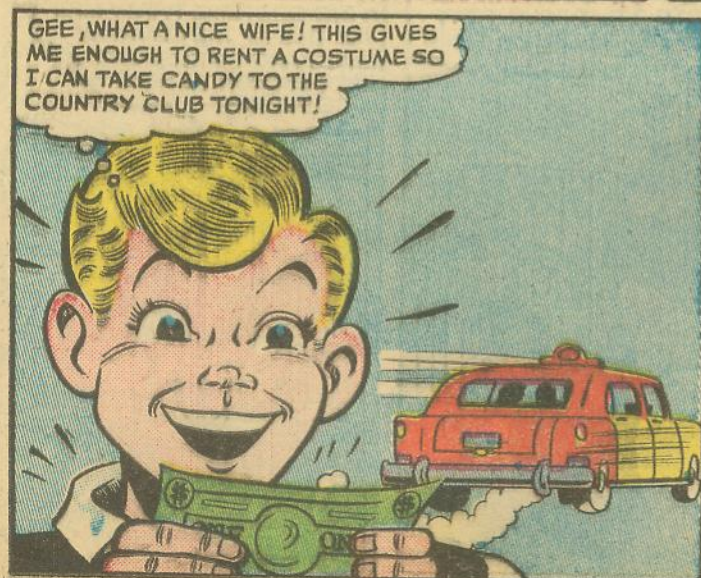
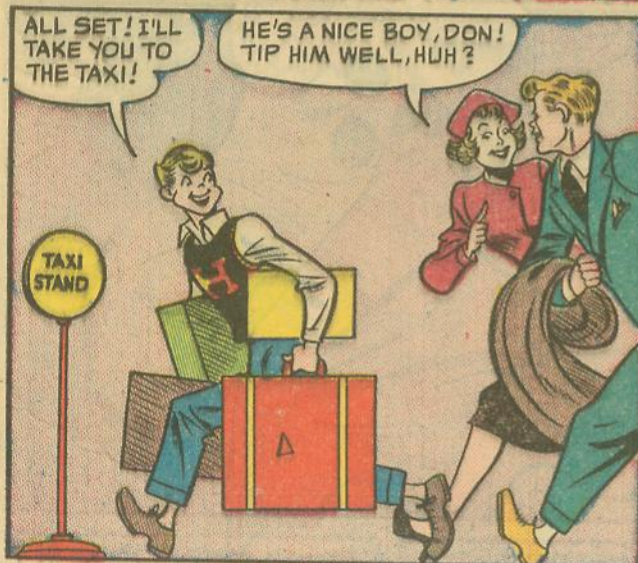
IF I DON'T MAKE
THAT FOUR-FIFTY
TRAIN, I'M SUNK!



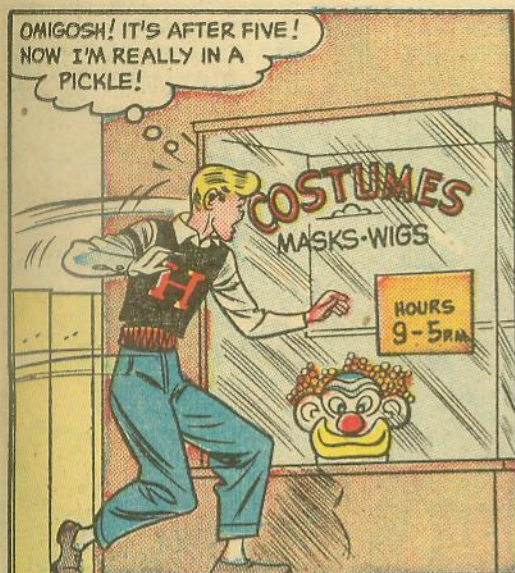
IT TAKES DOUGH TO TAKE IN
A BIG COSTUME PARTY LIKE
THE ONE AT THE COUNTRY
CLUB! AND I STILL DON'T
HAVE ENOUGH TO RENT
A COSTUME!



CANDY



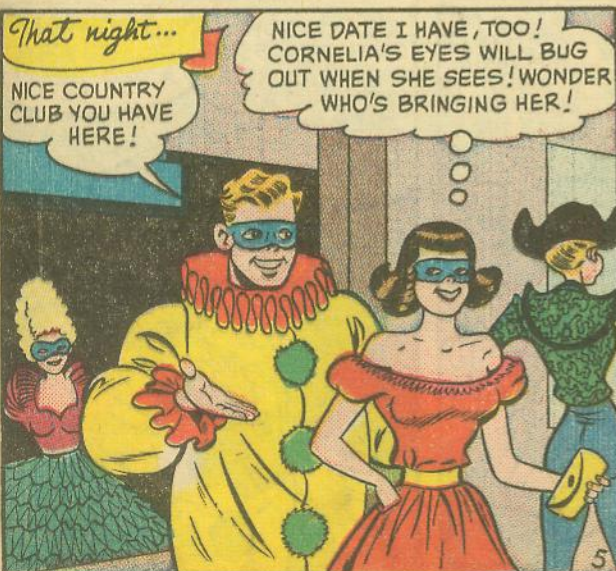
CANDY

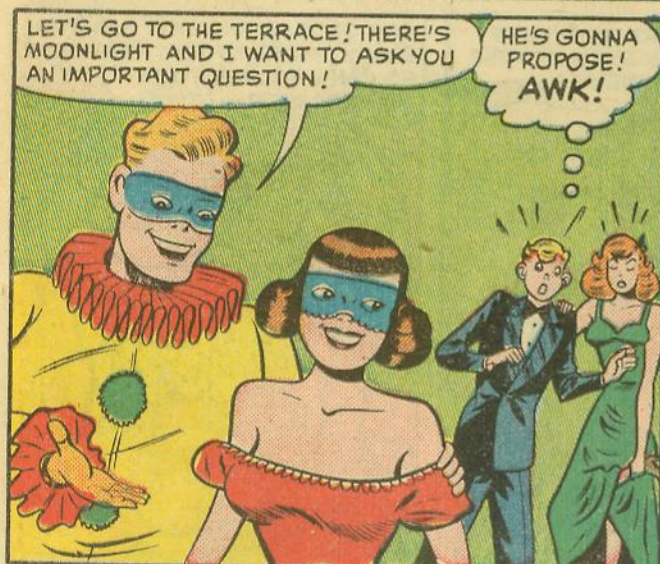
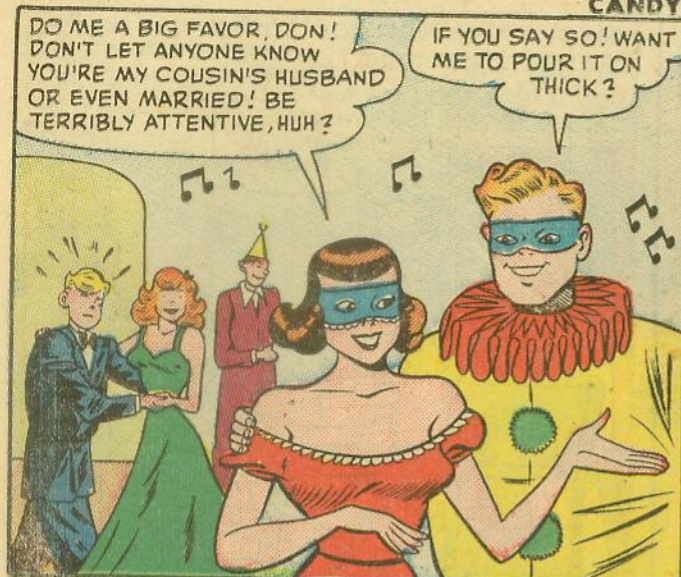


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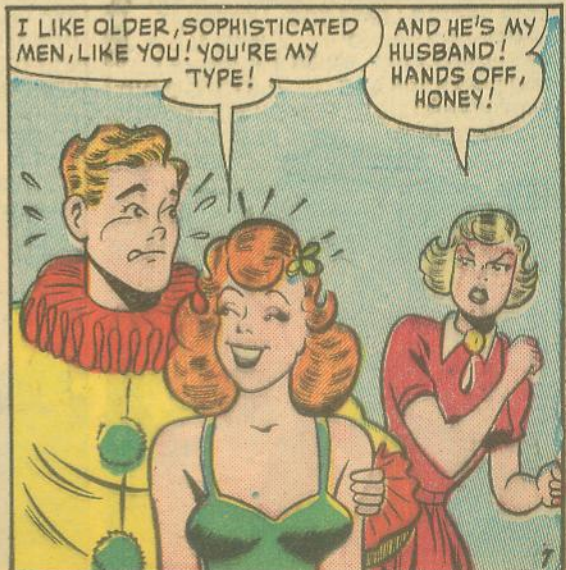
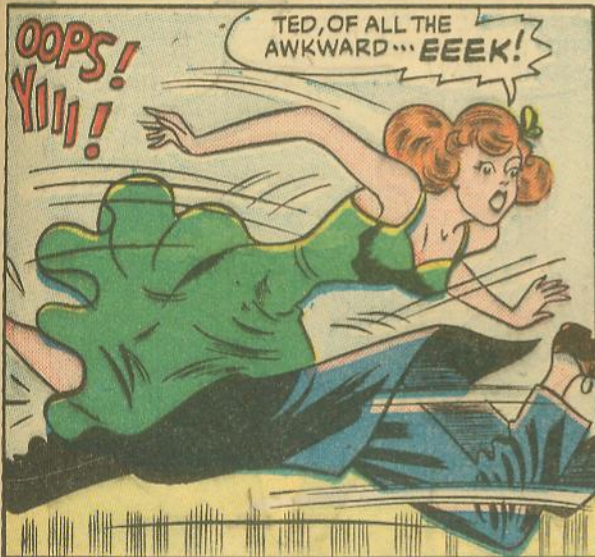


CANDY





CANDY



CANDY

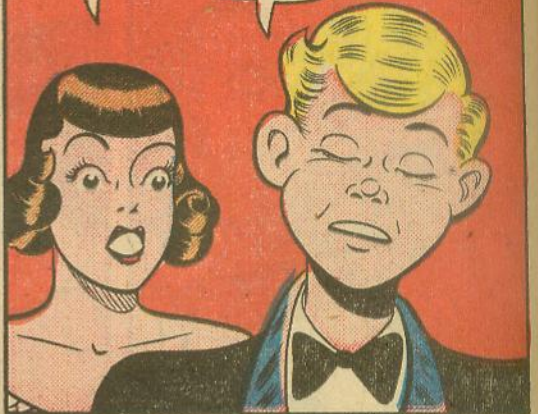
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! A NICE WIFE LIKE THAT AND YOU DATE CANDY! I SAW YOU AT THE DEPOT TODAY AND...

DARLING, IT'S THE NICE BOY WHO GOT US THE CAB!



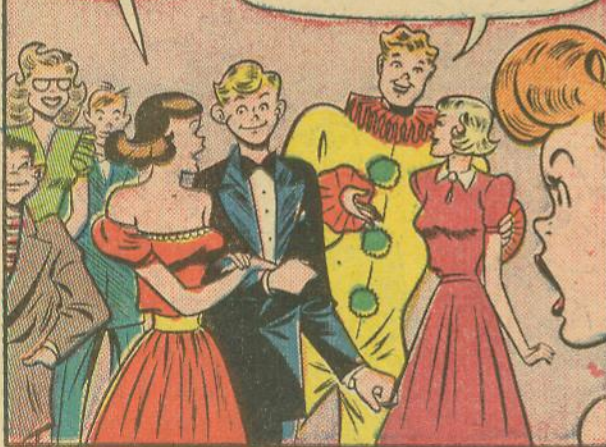
AT THE DEPOT? WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?

TRYING TO MAKE ENOUGH DOUGH TO RENT A COSTUME TO BRING YOU TO THIS DANCE! SO NOW YOU KNOW!



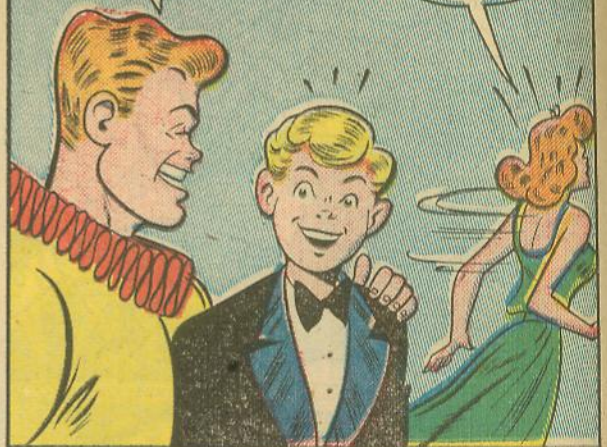
OH, TED! AND I JUST TOOK FOR GRANTED...

MAYBE I'D BETTER EXPLAIN SOMETHING, TED, OLD BOY! WE'RE VISITING THE O'CONNORS! CANDY IS OUR KID COUSIN!



I DIDN'T MEAN TO CUT IN, KID! SHE'S YOURS AND YOU'RE OKAY!

OHHHHH! I'M GOING HOME!



WE'D BETTER LEAVE, TOO, DEAR! YOUR JAW'S SWELLING! AUNT AGNES AND UNCLE TIM ARE WAITING... I JUST DROPPED IN TO WATCH!

KITTEN, IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! LET'S GO OUT ON THE TERRACE AND TALK IT OVER!



TED, YOU BIG DOPE! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE WORKING AT THE DEPOT TO GET MONEY FOR A COSTUME?

I DUNNO! JUST DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW I WAS BROKE! BUT I TOOK FOR GRANTED THAT YOU'D...



THAT'S THE TROUBLE, TED DAWSON... YOU ALWAYS TAKE ME FOR GRANTED! BUT I WON'T HAVE IT! I'LL...

GOOD GOSH! WHAT DID I DO NOW?



CANDY



AFTER BIOLOGY CLASS...

CANDACE, YOUR WORK HAS BEEN VERY UNSATISFACTORY FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS, SINCE WE BEGAN THE STUDY OF THE FROG!

BUT, MISS SQUIRES, I DON'T LIKE FROGS!

THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! I'M GIVING YOU A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT AND THE WAY YOU HANDLE IT WILL DETERMINE WHETHER OR NOT YOU PASS!

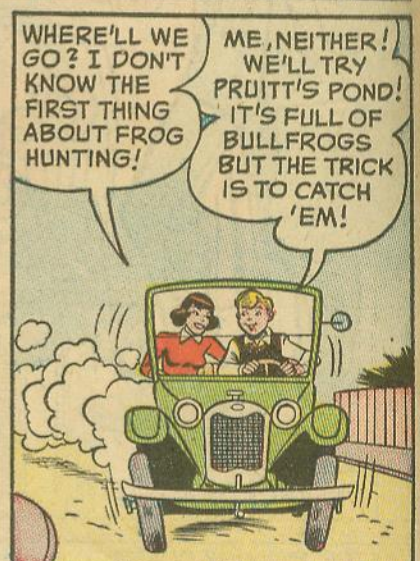
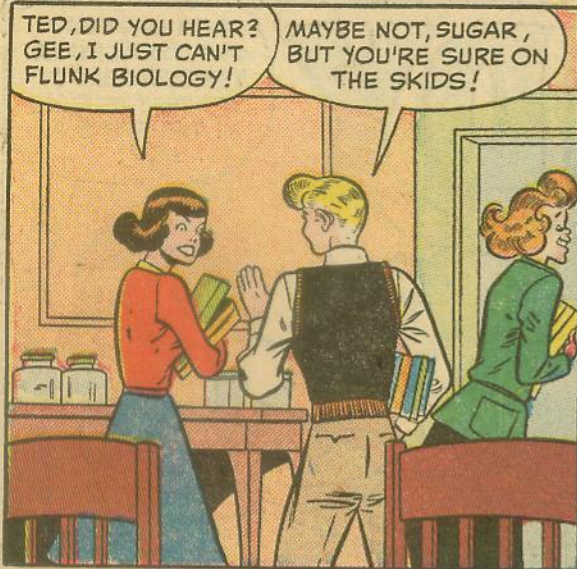
YES'M!
GULP!

FIND A LIVE FROG, STUDY IT, AND WRITE A PAPER PROVING YOU KNOW ABOUT IT! BRING BOTH TO CLASS TOMORROW!

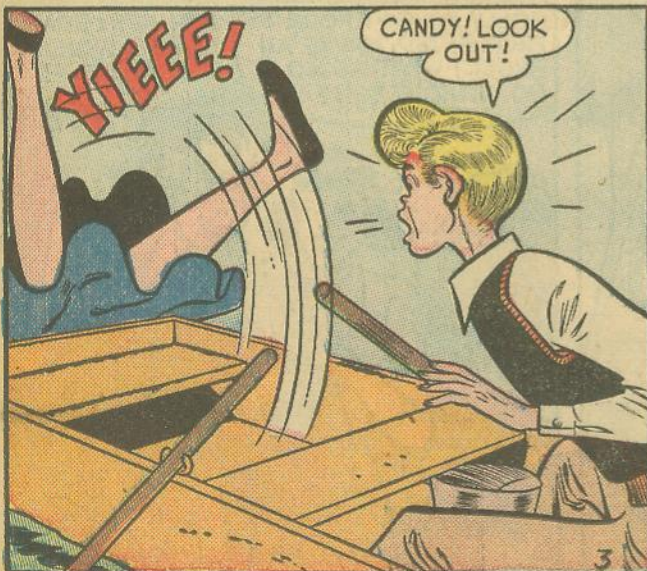
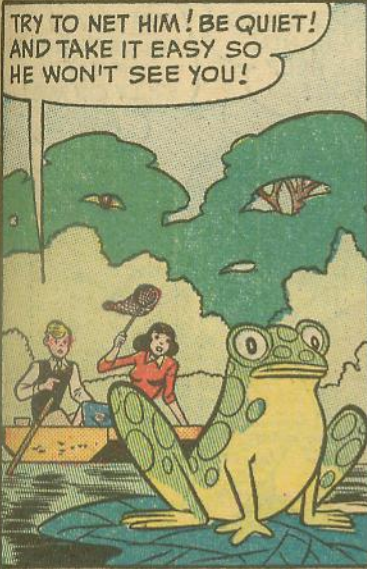
SOUNDS LIKE MY WORK'S CUT OUT FOR ME!



CANDY

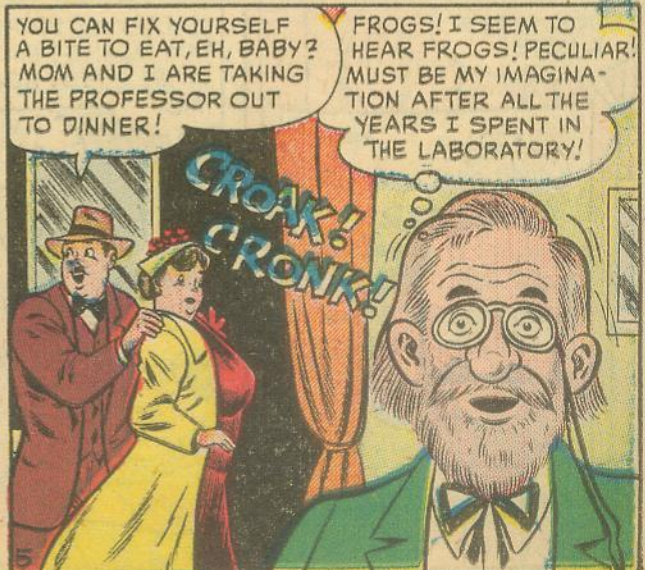
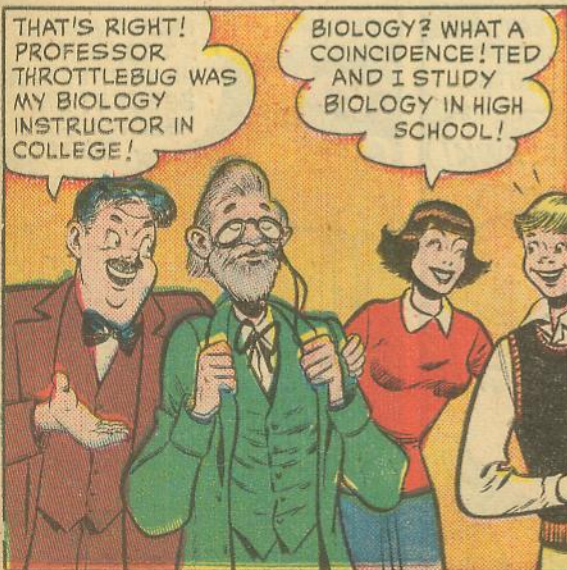


CANDY





CANDY



YOUR FOLKS ARE OUT FOR DINNER! WHY DON'T YOU GO WITH ME TO THE SNACK BAR? WE'LL HAVE A HAMBURGER AND A JIVE TO THE JUKE BOX!

I'D LOVE TO, TED! BUT WHAT ABOUT WRITING MY PAPER? IT'S DUE TOMORROW!

I KNOW EVERYTHING WE'VE STUDIED IN CLASS! WHEN WE GET BACK, I'LL HELP YOU WRITE IT!

YOU WILL? GEE, YOU'RE TERRIF! I MEAN... AWP! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE FROGS? IF THEY GET AWAY, I'M SUNK!

CROAK!
CLUGG!

I KNOW...I'LL PUT THEM IN A BOX AND HIDE THEM UNDER THE BED IN THE GUEST ROOM! THE FAMILY NEVER GOES THERE AND THEY'LL BE SAFE!

I'LL HELP! THEN I'LL GO HOME AND CHANGE CLOTHES WHILE YOU GET DRESSED! WE DESERVE SOME FUN AFTER THE FROG HUNT!

CRONK!
CRONK!

TEN O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT...

GOLLY, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE STAYED OUT SO LATE! WE STILL HAVE TO WRITE MY PAPER FOR BIOLOGY!

I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT TIME IT WAS! BUT I'LL HELP YOU FINISH IT IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!

LOOK, HERE'S A NOTE!

Candy dear,
We invited the professor to spend the night here. Please don't play the radio or phonograph to disturb him—
Mom

TED, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? HE'S SLEEPING IN THE GUEST ROOM, WITH THE...

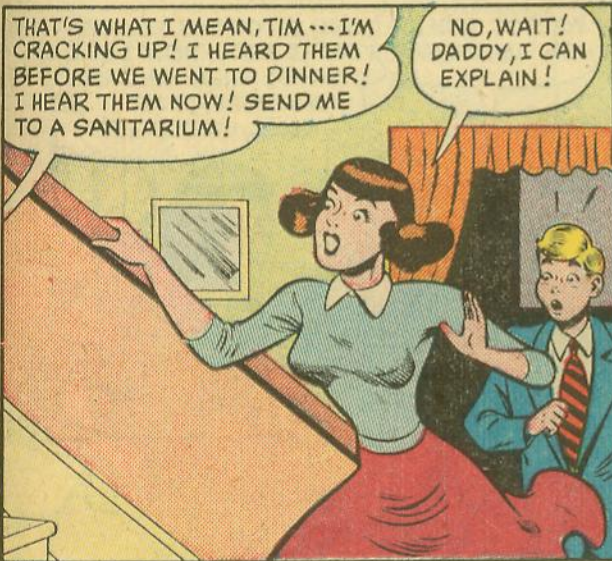
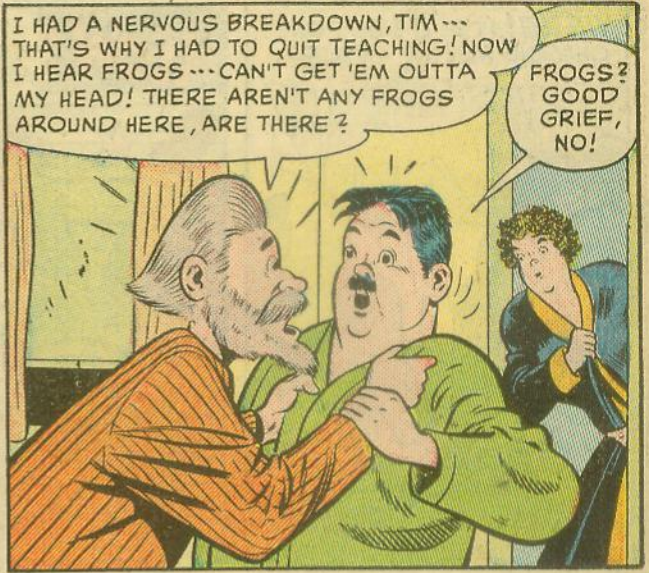
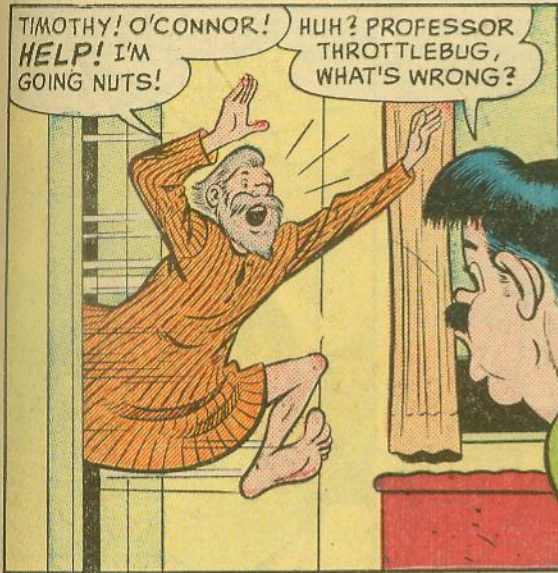
...WITH THE FROGS! AWK!

UPSTAIRS...

CROAK!
CRUNK!

FROGS AGAIN! I THOUGHT I HEARD THEM BEFORE! I'M BLOWING MY TOP!

CANDY

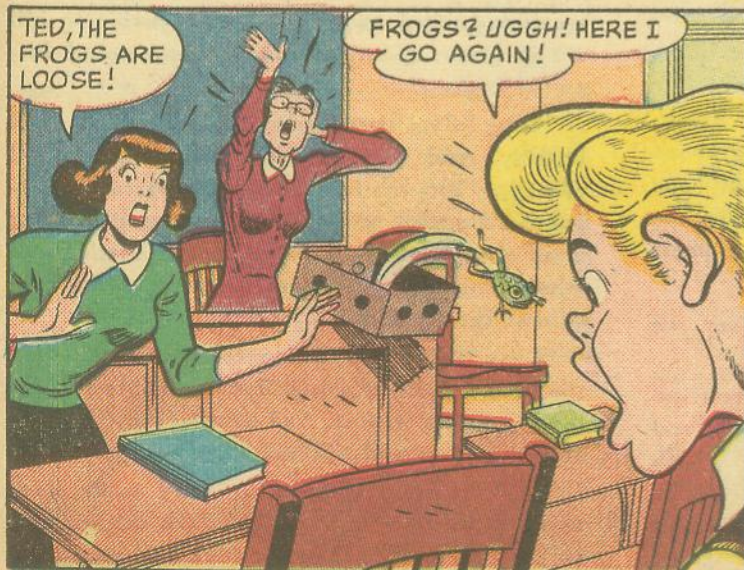


CANDY



CANDY

NEXT DAY, IN BIOLOGY CLASS...



HERMIT'S TREASURE

DEEP in the shadow of the shrubbery, Biff Baker started to say, "Now, who can . . ." and the soft, warm hand of Cissy Crane closed his lips.

"Shhh!" Cissy hissed fiercely. "You shut your big mouth and listen, Biff Baker. You big strong men make me tired."

Because his mouth was effectually closed by the hand, Biff kept still and listened. Ten yards away the shadowy figures of three men had stiffened. A harsh voice said, "I'm sure I heard something. Like some guy shooting off his mouth, kind of . . ."

"Aw, drop dead," a snarling voice answered the first. "You got voices on the brain, if any. Who'd be out around this old empty house at ten o'clock at night? Forget it and listen to orders. We'll meet at the old man's shanty at exactly midnight, see. If he doesn't want to hand over his treasure chest peacefully, we'll knock him on the head and help ourselves. Maybe we ought to, anyhow, so he can't go yapping around what we look like."

The three sinister shadows drifted away and were gone. Cissy removed her hand and Biff drew an indignant breath. "Dawggonnit, Cissy, I coulda plugged 'em with my Sportsman's Special Extra-Powerful slingshot, here, or I coulda yelled and chased 'em out."

"Oh, you . . . you stupid boy!" Cissy burst out impatiently. "I don't know how boys live to be adults, if they ever do. Listen, Biff Baker, don't you realize those men were talking about robbing old Hermit Henry? He's the only one man around here who lives in a shack in the woods. And lots of people think he has a chest of treasure hidden there somewhere."

"So what?" Biff demanded, "I still say we could . . ."

"Dopey," Cissy said. "Listen, if we scare them out now, they can go back another night and rob poor old Hermit Henry. You and I both know what a nice, lonely old man he is. We've taken lots of little gifts out to him and he always acts so nice and kind of sad. We're going

to go right out there and warn Hermit Henry and help him trap those dirty crooks."

Protesting but helpless, Biff could only follow Cissy on a determined trot along the dark woody path that led to the old hermit's lonely shanty. Only the accident that had made Cissy interested in haunted houses and determined that Biff accompany her on an exploration had enabled them to overhear the grim plot.

Thinking of it now, Biff shuddered. Those men had sounded awfully grim and brutal and heedless of human life. If they only knew their sinister plans had been overheard, the chances were very good that Biff and Cissy would never live to graduate from high school that next spring.

Hermit Henry himself answered their knock at the shanty door. He stared at them, frowning in puzzlement. Biff saw that the old man's beard was clean and combed, his patched overalls neatly pressed. It came to him suddenly that despite the jeers and the teasing of the kids, old Hermit Henry was a kind of nice guy who never got sore at his tormentors and was always glad to have the kids visit his shack. Biff swallowed a sudden lump in his throat.

"Robbers," the old man gasped when Cissy had panted out her story. "And it's nigh onto midnight now. What can I do? I don't have any treasure tucked away but they're liable to kill me if I try to explain that. They sound like awful brutes."

"You leave everything to us," Cissy said blithely. And then, to Biff's horror, she added cheerily, "Biff has been lugging a perfectly awful old slingshot around and just dying to shoot it at somebody. We'll be on guard outside and when those nasty robbers come in, we'll take care of them plenty."

"Cissy, you dope," Biff gasped in horror. "My slingshot's a little thing. I couldn't lick three tough robbers with it. And besides, they've probably got guns and knives . . ."

"Poo!" Cissy said loftily. "They can't shoot us until they see us, and it's dark outside. All we have to do is hide in the dark and pick them

off. Come on, Biff! Let's find a good place to set up our ambush."

Half an hour later, hiding in the thick underbrush outside the cabin, they saw the three dark figures tramp out of the woods and hammer on the shanty door. Old Hermit Henry opened the door and started back as a gun was shoved into his face.

"Get inside and no squawking," a harsh voice rasped at him. "You've got an old chest hidden around here somewhere. Dig it up and be plenty quick about it, or we've got ways to persuade you, bub."

"But, but I haven't any money," Hermit Henry quavered. "I swear, there's no treasure."

A hand swept out and a hard slap left a red streak across the hermit's face. With a little gasp of anger, Cissy snatched the slingshot from Biff's limp hand. Her fingers came up with something that glinted in the lamplight from the open door. Before Biff could open his mouth to protest, the rubber of the slingshot snapped loudly.

Just inside the door the robber with the gun suddenly grabbed the back of his neck and uttered a wild howl of anguish. Cursing, he whirled and slammed the flat side of his gun against the face of the masked man just behind him.

"You dumb fat-head," he yelled furiously. "What's the big idea, jabbing me in the neck with a couple of pins? For two cents I'd beat your big dumb skull into pieces."

"I never jabbed you," the accused man stammered wildly. "I never even went near you, Sammy. You gone nuts or sump'n?"

Beside Biff the slingshot whanged again and the third man, who had been only gaping until this moment, suddenly uttered a wild yell of agony and hurled himself forward. He slammed into the leader, called Sammy, knocking him off his feet. The two went down in a yelling, threshing tangle of arms and legs and wild profanity.

At this moment old Hermit Henry, forgotten in the weird struggle that occupied the trio, calmly picked up a large and heavy poker from his home-made sheet-iron stove and banged it down with all his might on the head of the third thug. The man collapsed with a deep groan and lay motionless.

The other two were suddenly aware that matters were not in their favor. They left off their fighting and tried to scramble to their feet, clawing for their guns at the same time. Hermit

Henry swung his poker again and the second man went down like a pole-axed steer in a slaughter house.

Biff tried to yell but beside him Cissy giggled softly and snapped the slingshot again. A large rock went arching across the patch of yellow lamplight from the door. It seemed to sail with incredible slowness but when it struck the head of Sammy, the cursing leader of the robbers, it made a solid and wholly satisfying *Klonk!* Sammy sighed like an unhappy walrus and fell on his face. His hands moved once, convulsively, and were still.

Still dazed, Biff followed Cissy to the door where Hermit Henry was gaping blankly at the unconscious trio. "Quick, Biff," Cissy cried, giving Biff a shove. "Run to your house and phone for the police. Hurry up, dummy. Don't just stand there."

Biff, still dazed, turned and ran.

Half an hour later, peering through the shanty door, he saw grim police handcuffing the groggy trio. The Chief of Police himself was shaking hands with Hermit Henry and with Cissy, telling them happily, "We've ben trying to capture this crowd for two months. There'll be a fat reward in it for whoever is responsible."

"Oh, Biff Baker is responsible," Cissy babbled excitedly. "He's the one who shot them in the neck with some silly old paper clips I just happened to have in my pocket. He shot them with his Sportsmans' Special slingshot. So you really must give Biff the credit, Chief. But as far as the reward goes, Biff and I have decided to give every penny of it to Hermit Henry, here. After all, if it weren't for him and for the crazy stories about the treasure he's supposed to have hidden away, the robbers would never have come out here and we'd never have had the chance to capture them. So the reward really belongs to Hermt Henry, don't you think?"

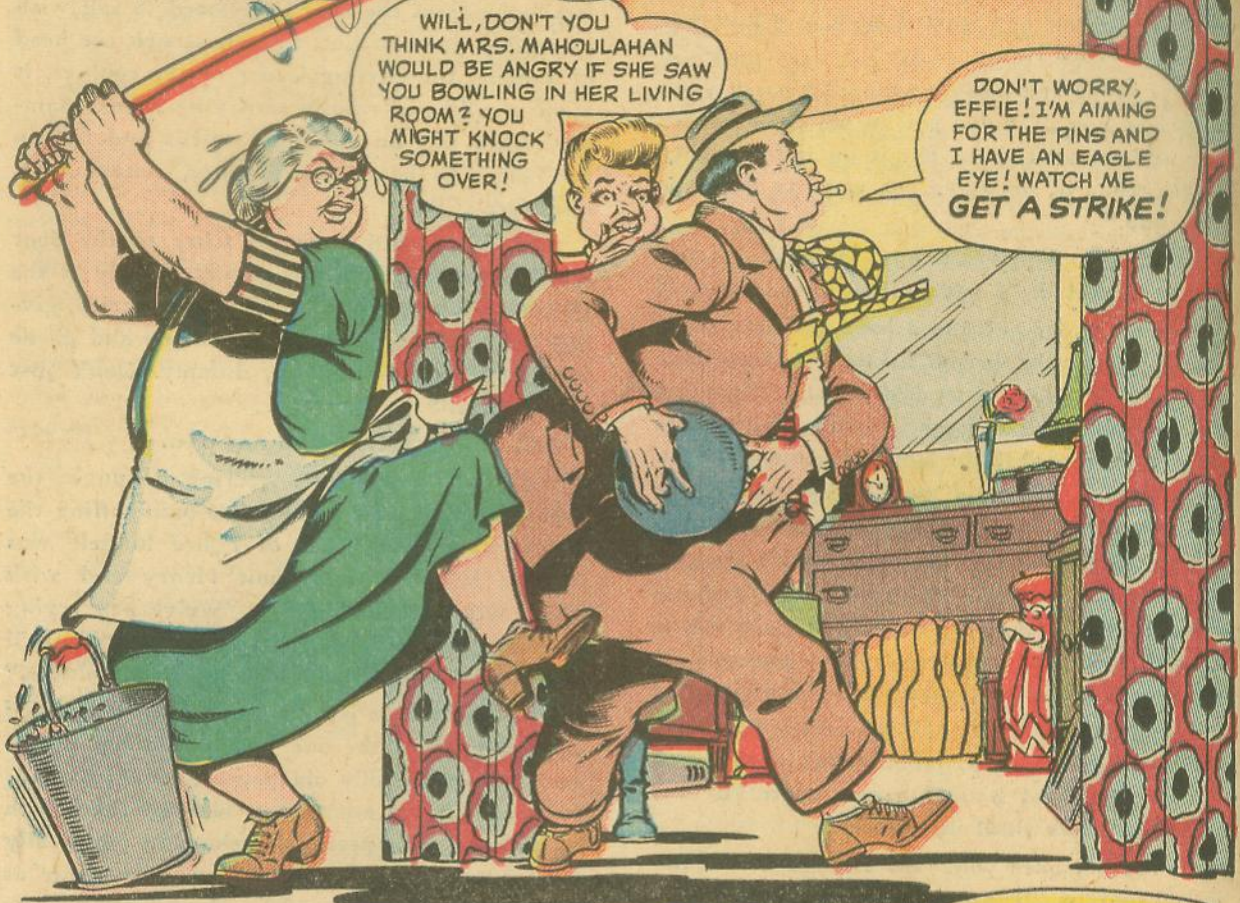
"Uh—oh, I'm sure it does," the Chief said, mopping his forehead. "Anything you say is all right with me, Cissy." He looked toward the doorway. "That okey with you, Biff?"

"Huh?" Biff said blankly. "Oh, sure, Chief. Sure."

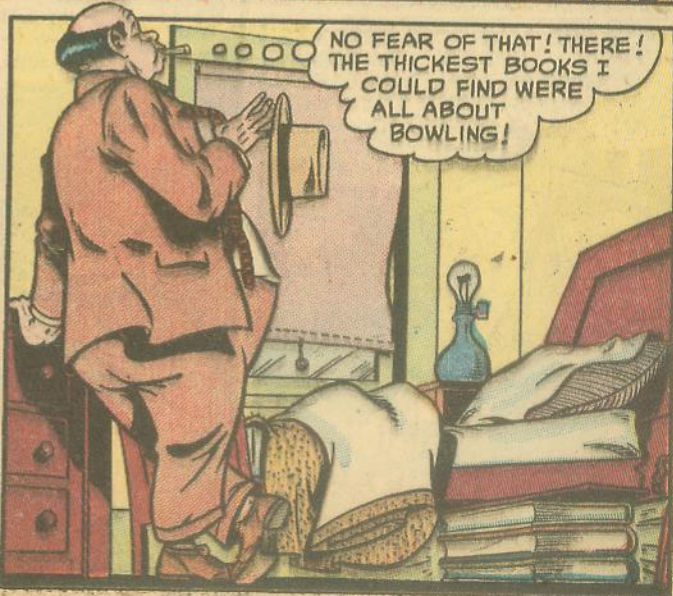
It occurred to Biff Baker suddenly that all the rest of his life some girl like Cissy would probably be running his affairs for him, and he would probably be taking it. In the long run, he might even get to like it.

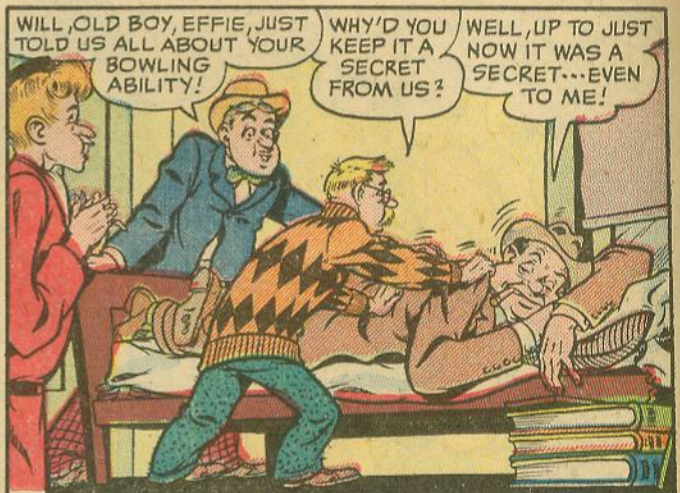
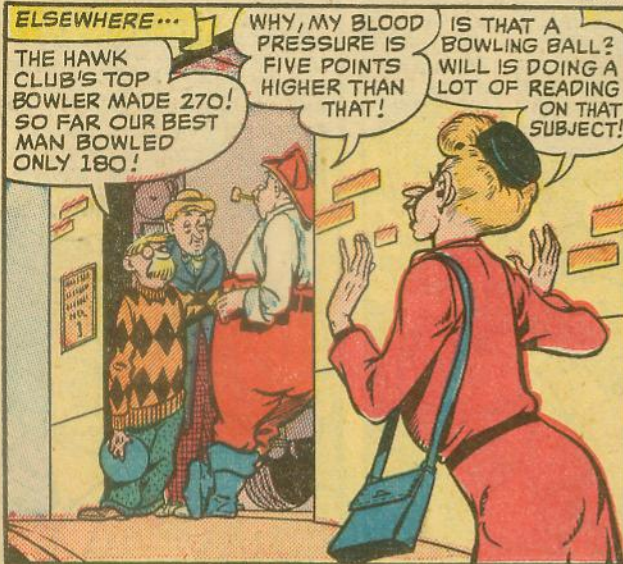
CANDY

WILL BRAGG

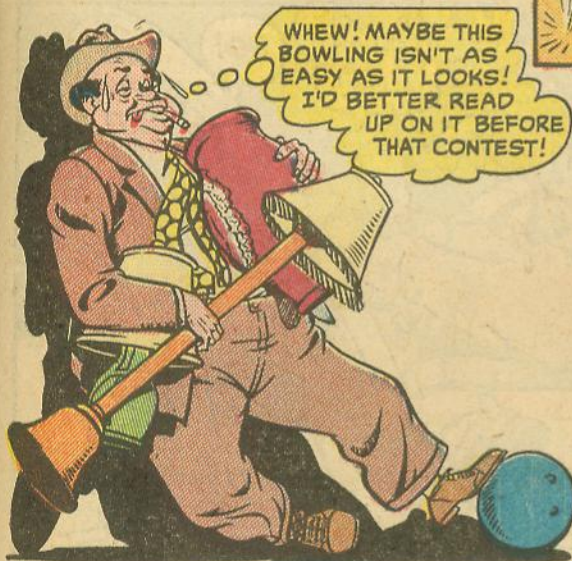
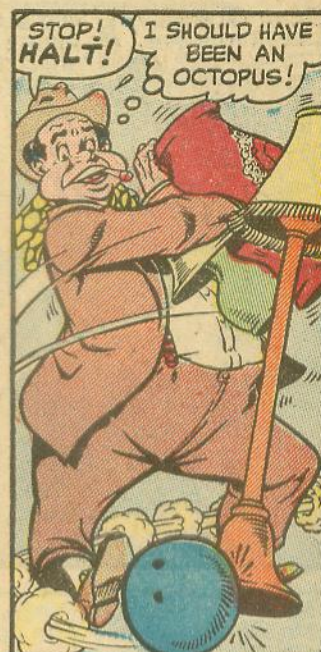
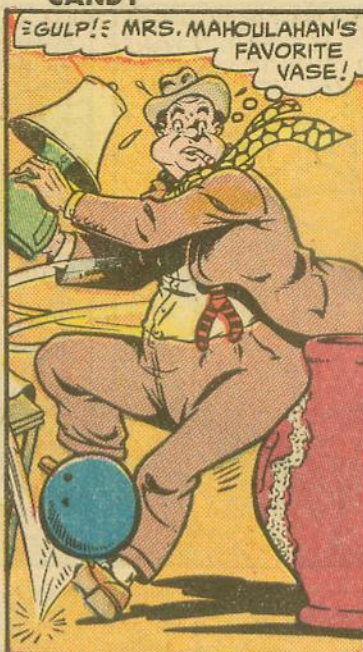
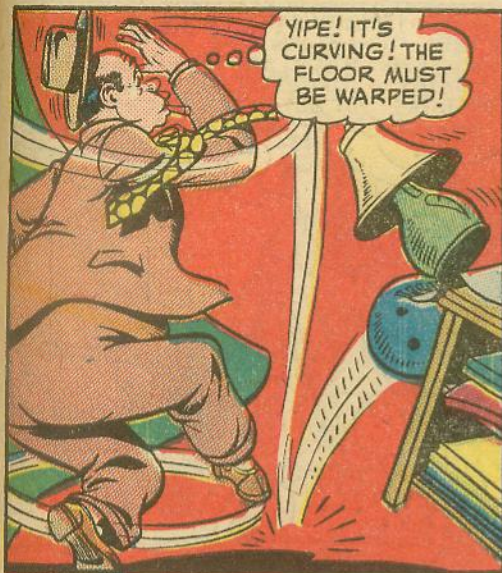


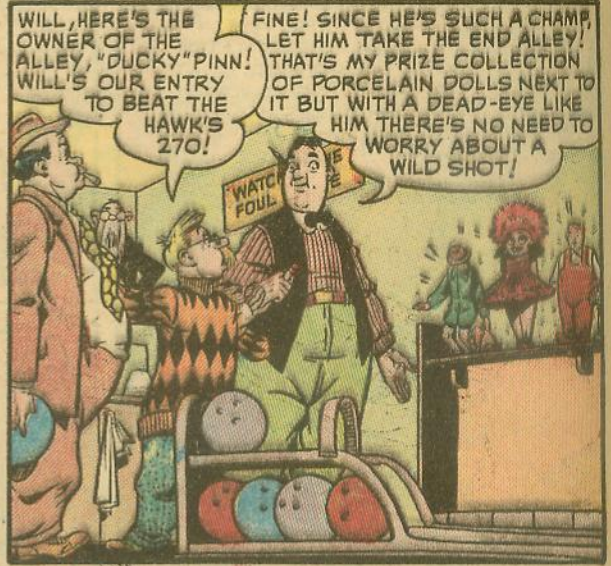
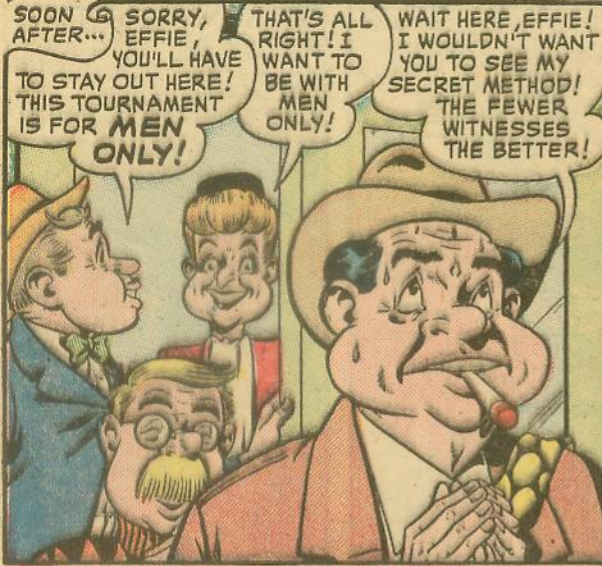
CANDY





CANDY





MINUTES LATER...

OKAY, WILL, THOSE WERE JUST PRACTICE SHOTS! WE KNOW YOU WERE JUST KIDDING! SEE ALL THOSE CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS IN THE SHOWCASE? LET'S SEE YOU GET ONE NOW!

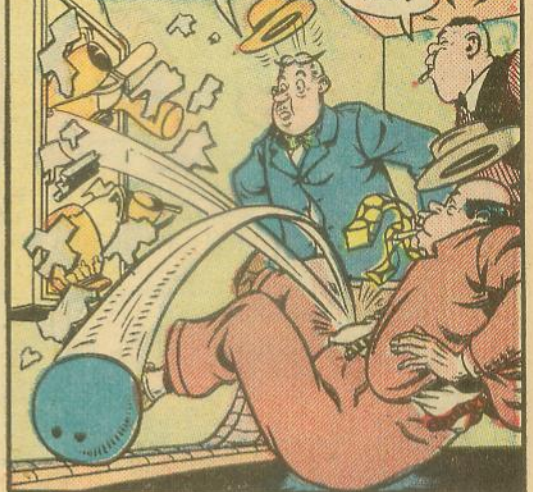
I'LL GET ONE!

OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!



WILL GOT A CUP... ALL OF THEM!

AND THE SHOW-CASE WINDOW, TOO!



DO I HAVE ANOTHER SHOT LEFT IN THIS FRAME?

WAIT! YOU DON'T NEED ANOTHER SHOT! **YOU WIN! YOU'RE THE CHAMP! HERE'S YOUR CUP!**



GEE, THANKS! I DIDN'T REALIZE I HAD WON SO QUICKLY!

IT'S CHEAPER FOR ME THIS WAY! AND HERE'S ANOTHER CUP! IT'S BEING GIVEN TO YOU ON YOUR **RETIREMENT!**



OH, WILL! **YOU WON!** I WISH I'D BEEN THERE TO SEE HOW YOU DID IT!

ER--I'M GLAD YOU WEREN'T, EFFIE! SEEING YOU NEAR ME MIGHT HAVE MADE ME NERVOUS AND I MIGHT HAVE **BOWLED WILD!**

TWO CUPS ONLY COST A FEW BUCKS BUT DOLLS AND SHOW-CASES COST PLENTY! YES, IT'S A LOT CHEAPER AND **SAFER** THIS WAY!



SOON AFTER...

MRS. MAHOULAHAN, YOU CAN BE PROUD OF YOUR BOARDER! WILL JUST WON TWO CUPS FOR BOWLING!

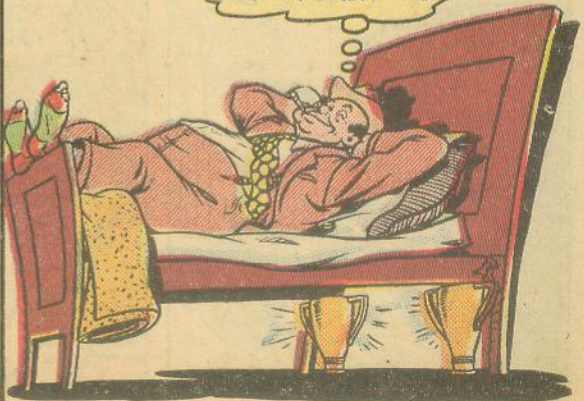
INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND BOWLING ALLEYS, WHY DOESN'T HE GET A JOB SO HE CAN BUY HIMSELF A NEW HEADBOARD? WHAT GOOD ARE THOSE TWO **USELESS CUPS?**

THEY'RE NOT USELESS! I HAVE A **PERFECT PLACE** FOR THEM!



SECONDS LATER...

NOW TO REST ON MY LAURELS!

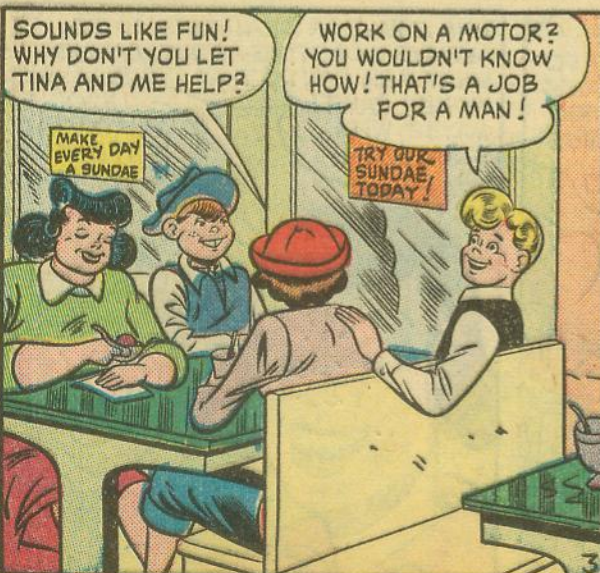


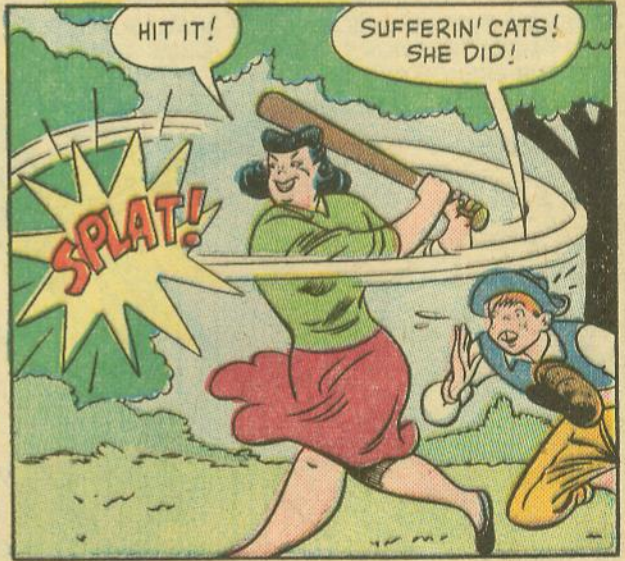


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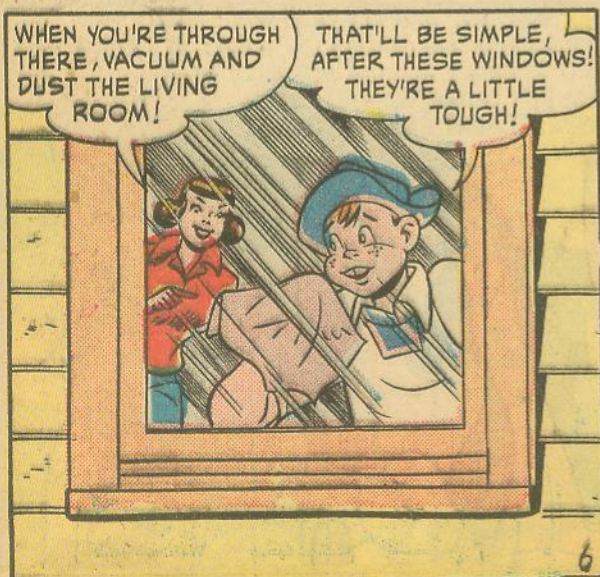
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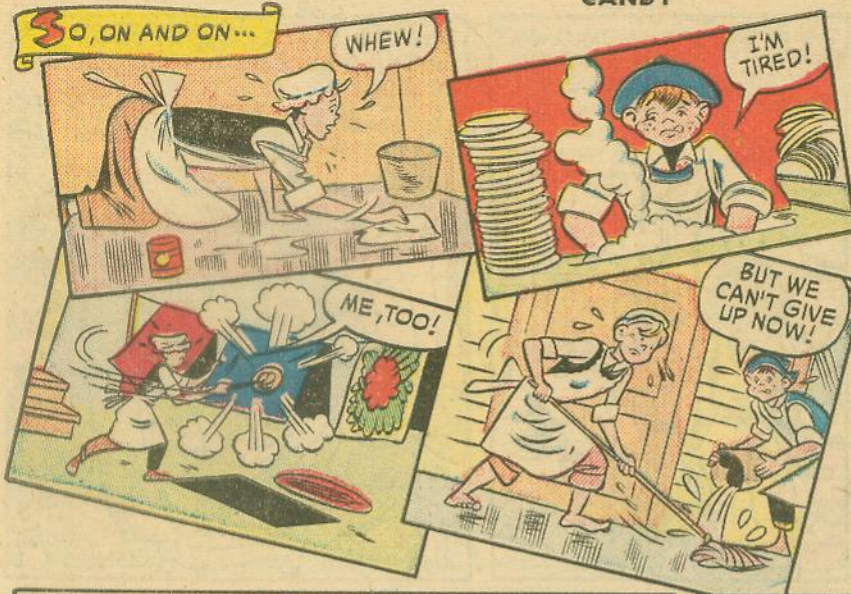




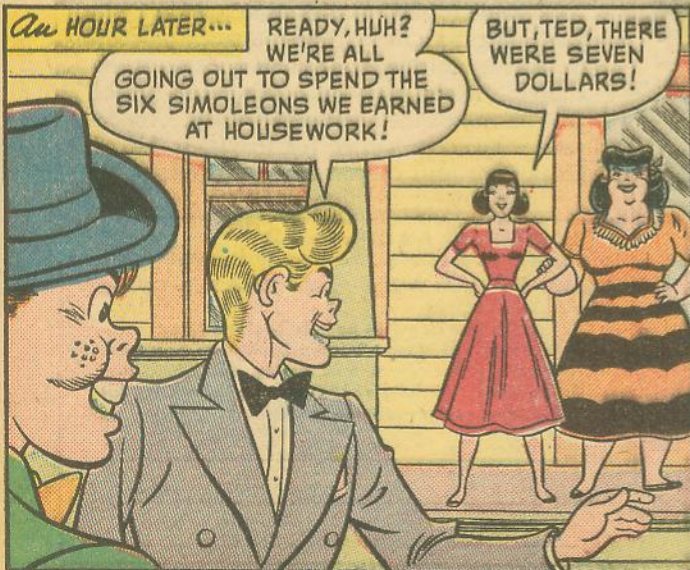
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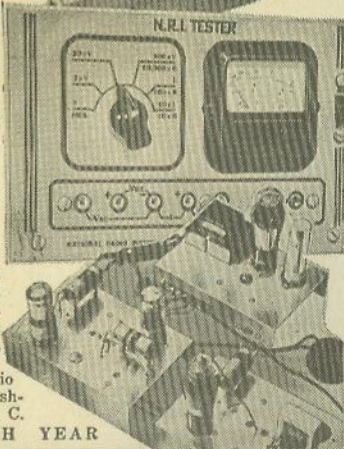
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